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Vol. II

July, 1921

No. 22

*explosion of  
pedigreed bunk*





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# *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang*

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*America's Magazine of  
Wit, Humor and  
Filosophy*

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**July, 1921**

**Vol. II. No. 22**

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**W. H. Fawcett,**

**at Robbinsdale,  
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**"We have room for but one soul loyalty and that is  
loyalty to the American People."—Theodore Roosevelt**

Copyright 1921  
By W. H. Fawcett



**Edited by a Spanish and World War Veteran and  
dedicated to the fighting forces of the United States**



## *Drippings From the Fawcett*

MY friend Norton took me around Minneapolis recently on an evening's jaunt to see the "sights." After visiting two or three moonlit stores, Norton suggested that I be introduced to his sweetheart. Brother Norton, being fairly well varnished with fusel oil and white mule, called at the wrong house. A colored maid answered the door bell.

"Is (hic) Daisy at home?" he inquired.

"No, suh," replied the maid.

"Then is Pansy here?" said Norton.

"No, suh."

"Does Violet live here?"

"No, suh."

"Then is (hic) Rose in?"

"No, suh, and look here, Mistuh, dis place ain't no hot house."

After which I led Brother Norton back to the flivver and we sojourned to Dutch's stag cafe for the remainder of the evening.

\* \* \*

I've found another use for my flivver: Deacon Miller's suckling colt followed old Lizzie for half a mile the other day.



WHILE at my Breezy Point cabin resort at Pequot I heard an interesting story regarding the manner in which young Indian men woo their sweethearts.

When the Indian feels a tug at his heart he will station himself with a tom-tom in front of the tepee of his beloved and beat frantically on the drum affair. If the girl loves him she comes out and the medicine man does the rest. If she scorns his love she places a snow-shoe at the wigwam entrance and the young chief goes back to his own tepee and keeps on beating his tom-tom until some squaw girl takes pity and marries him.

\* \* \*

MAGGIE, our new harvest cookhouse chef, lost her brooch the other night, so she has prepared the following advertisement for the Whiz Bang: "LOST—A cameo brooch representing Venus and Adonis on the Robbinsdale road about ten o'clock on Wednesday evening."

\* \* \*

WE'VE had a good laugh on our neighbor, Deacon Callahan, since the episode several of us witnessed in front of the Palace Shoe Store in Robbinsdale the other evening. The Deacon saw his wife coming down the street, so he hid in the doorway of the Palace. When she passed him, he jumped out suddenly and kissed her. Instead of the scream he expected, she hoarsely whispered: "Don't be so bold, mister. Folks 'round here know me."



JOHNNIE BEATON, of Ranier, Minn., tells about a period in his life when old John Law grabbed out and placed him in the Ranier calaboose. He had been inside but a short time when one of the local civic improvement "birds" handed him the usual circular asking a donation for the improvement of the local jail. Johnnie replied: "The present jail is good enough to suit me." Half an hour later, he organized a stud poker game. As usual, the sucker squawked. His reply to the saphead was pert and to the point: "Sh! keep still. Do you want to get thrown out of here?"

\* \* \*

THE "no booze" edict for soldiers during the recent friction with Germany raised havoc with some of us rum-soaked sinners, but it also had its comical side at times. I remember a system I put into effect in Camp Lee. The first sergeant was informed that no passes would be granted to visit Pennsylvania points (Pennsy was wet) unless the fortunate man returned with proper credentials, said credentials to be deposited upon arrival in the top drawer of the skipper's desk in the orderly room. It was my duty to check properly the pass "port."

In our organization was a lieutenant whom we will call Evans for short. Once upon a time Evans was in a mess (he often was, as far as that goes, but this time I mean a mess where we eat), and in that mess there also was a colonel—a man of meanness and incidentally a strict teetotaller. This colonel saw,



or thought he saw, in Evans a gentleman after his own heart—a steady, yea, even puritanical, officer.

One early morning, Evans returned from a pass to Altoona, Pa., and flopped his weary way to the mess hall. Collapsing in a seat, he played with his fork and tried to look sober for a few minutes, and then giving it up he concentrated on grub—or rather on waiters.

Near the mantelpiece in the mess stood what appeared to Evans to be the waiter on duty, and he addressed this person—the only other person in the mess—rather gruffly, I'm afraid.

"Heah—hic—orderly!" he exploded. "D'yuh think I'm—hic—sitting here—hic—merely to provide you—hic—with a spectacle? I want some food . . ."

"I'm afraid, lieutenant," came the acid reply, "that you are providing me with a spectacle."

"Good Gawsch!" spluttered Evans. "I thought you were an orderly. I beg pardon, major; I didn't shee you were the—hic—colonel."

\* \* \*

**S**PEAKING of abbreviated dress brings to mind a recent occurrence in the St. Paul ball park, whence I had flivvered to watch Minneapolis lose to the Saints. Coming out, after the game, I bumped into a small boy who had become lost in the crowd. Upon inquiring why he was crying, he howled: "I lost my mama." "Why didn't you hold to her skirts?" I asked. "I tried to," wept the kid, "but I couldn't reach them."



## Our Movie Gossips

*California society whisperers frown on Edna Purviance's rumored engagement to scion of Los Angeles wealth? Can it be Larry Semon "beat up" his leading lady, Lucille Carlisle? And Katherine McDonald has something to worship! The male sissy of the screen! Natalie Talmadge may find a snag in Buster Keaton's backyard? Join our monthly movie gossip club! These dainty morsels are gathered by the Hollywood correspondent of this great family journal.*

**By RICHMOND.**

**O**F ALL girls in the movies, Edna Purviance has the softest snap. In the last year and a half, almost two years, Charlie Chaplin has only made one picture, "The Kid," which barely occupied more than a few weeks of Edna's time. It's true Edna doesn't earn much compared to the other stars or leading women of the screen—they say her contract with Charlie gives her only \$100 a week—but she has time—loads of it—and Edna plays the social game in that spare time and doesn't appear to worry her pretty head about her career or future fame. She has an attractive but modest apartment, a not too expensive



car and maid and puts everything on her clothes, which are of the smartest.

About two years ago Carleton Burke of Los Angeles began to "rush" Edna. Carleton is considered the catch of the Pacific coast. He is wealthy—his family is A-1 socially, Carleton is handsome, traveled and well educated and has made a name as a polo player. He is also a member of all the exclusive men's clubs in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Well, of course, when Carleton first took up Edna there was much whispering concerning a Venice bungalow, after Charlie "discovered" the fair manicurist in a small town near Frisco Bay. Could she be received? If Carleton Burke meant to marry her, of course, she'd be taken up eventually anyhow, and the Burkes are not the sort of people you can snub. So Carleton's sister, Louise, entertained Edna. The Claus Spreckels at Coronada did the same and a few other of the selects followed the lead. Edna accepted these favors with a very calm and ladylike demeanor quite as if she had a perfect right to the best of social life, and she created a favorable impression. Edna has sense enough not to carry vulgar studio movie talk into the drawing rooms of people who wouldn't understand. She is never forward or bold and, with her undeniable beauty, is surely an asset to any function.

However, Carleton has continued to take Edna about—to the Midwick and other exclusive country clubs, but marriage has never "come off." Through Burke, Edna became acquainted with Mrs. Sallie Polk Merritt of Pasadena—an attractive brunette of social



standing but whose name has been mentioned in a few sensational divorce mix-ups. Sallie and Edna are bosom friends and go everywhere together.

It is now whispered about Los Angeles that the Burke family has decided against the marriage.

Rather hard on Edna if she loves him, isn't it? We don't really know whether she cares particularly or not.

\* \* \*

CAN it be that Larry Semon spans his leading lady love, Lucille Carlisle, when she doesn't do as he likes? There was such a violent spanking in the environs of the Vitagraph lot recently, that Lucille retired to a hospital for a rest, and a new leading lady replaced her.

\* \* \*

IT is said the beautiful Katherine Macdonald, picture star, earns a mere \$40,000 per picture now. Despite the fact that Katherine looks eternally sad in her pictures and shows not a glimmer of cheer or sense of humor, people like to gaze on the American beauty and her clothes. Anyhow her backers must make a profit or they wouldn't come through with the "40 thou." Now, it is said Katherine saves nearly every cent. She is reported quite the most saving woman on the screen.

The social set like Katherine because she doesn't get spifficated and run around with promiscuous ordinary movie folk, and because she holds herself "cold and high." The studio folk on her own lot say she is "hard," and that she won't let them hire blondes for



her pictures because the sunlight has a way of making light hair stand out conspicuously, and thus detracts from her own person.

Every week or so a San Francisco man named Morrell comes south, and they say he visits Katherine. The couple are engaged, it is said, and when her two-year contract is up; intend to marry and quit business for good. Friends say they are both saving carefully toward that day.

The arithmetical problem is this: If Morrell earns "X" salary and Katherine \$40,000 per picture or about \$240,000 a year, how much salt and pepper will Morrell's savings buy two years from now? How many steaks and cream puffs can Katherine buy?

\* \* \*

**I**N a recent issue we dealt somewhat with the male sissy whose devastating inroads have made themselves particularly felt in this Egyptianesque hot-bed of art, near art and the no end of things for which poor art is blamed—Hollywood.

Our readers will recall that some months ago a very noted "heavy" of the films, a man nearing the fifties and with a wealth of apparent masculine comeliness, was arrested in company with another male person after a perfectly inquisitive detective had watched them through a keyhole of the film star's home.

Broken in the prime of life, an object of scorn and with others fearing to be seen in his company, even for



business purposes, his plight is a sorry one. More seldom as the months pass does his white head and Romanesque profile appear upon the screen.

There is grim humor in the plight of this man. The name of an immensely rich woman was mentioned in connection with his arrest. It was intimated that he had grown cold in his attentions to her and that the detective who trapped the two men was well paid with feminine gold. She must have suspected something.

\* \* \*

**W**EDDING bells and hopeful love of man and woman seems to have broken out afresh in the picture world. Wasn't it in an issue four months back that we confidentially confided to our readers that Charlie Chaplin was openly adoring a sweet young thing of seventeen? Just about four months after we cheered you with this item, the daily papers declaimed that all signs and portents were to the effect that May Collins was to become the second bride of the comedian.

Needless to say, Miss Collins by this time has been "interviewed." With the awe-striking wisdom of seventeen—some say she is younger—the girl sets forth, or so she is quoted, a panacea for marriage ills. She did not admit she was going to marry Charlie but she wasted no space in praising anyone but him. It appears that if May marries Charlie that the path of true art will not be tampered with and if Charles wishes to remain out on business, or otherwise further his picture activities, that May will not offer hindrance.



Mildred Harris, too, was seventeen when she married Charlie and complained that the boy stayed away too much. Should May and Charlie hook up we may be able to watch the theories of two seventeen-year-old misses work out, as regards their ideas of what the lord and master should do.

\* \* \*

WHEN Buster Keaton goes out in the evening he takes his whole family. There are so many of them we've lost count. Anyhow, when he goes down to Sunset Inn at Santa Monica the waiters have to move three tables and put them together so that all Buster's family can be seated. There are several sisters and as many younger brothers and a "Pa" and lots of aunts and uncles. And Buster cheerfully pays the bill.

A little incident has been reported to the correspondent of this great family journal. It appears Buster had been out with some lady of whom his father objected, or had done something which his "Pa" didn't like and there was an argument over at the Metro studio. "Pa" perhaps hasn't forgotten his ancient and pleasant right of parental authority. However, Buster is resourceful. It is said he put "Pa" in his dressing-room and locked him up for the night, going on about his own business thereafter.

We wonder, if, when Natalie Talmadge marries Buster this spring, she will have to lock his family in the closets occasionally in order to prevent little rows!



## **The Tale of a Shirt**

Comfort, the farmers' journal, says this: Is there any way for a girl to tell her sweetheart his shirt-tail is out? The same way she would tell her brother or cousin or any friend. A sweetheart's shirt-tail is no more sacred or worthy of respect than any other shirt-tail. A tail belongs to a shirt as much as cuffs or a collar and isn't any more indecent. I'd tell anyone to tuck his shirt in—just like that.

\* \* \*

My girl is so fat she wears inner tubes for garters.

\* \* \*

## **All Aboard for Arkansaw**

Mama's got eczema,  
Papa's got the gout,  
I've got something itchy coo;  
It's just breakin' out.

\* \* \*

## **No Caveman Stuff Here**

"Oh Jane, how have you been getting on with Ed?"

"Not very well, Dolly; I've had to buy only two hair nets for my last five dates with him."

\* \* \*

## **In the Garden of Eden**

"I'll peel off," said the apple.

"If you do, I'll leave," said the tree.



## Especially When the North Wind Blows

She was a silly little, gushing thing, and habitually talked without thinking, and in the exaggerated fashion which the female of the species at present affects. Lately married, she was able to induce her adoring hubby to go with her on shopping expeditions. Even when the tour included a visit to an establishment where the most intimate of feminine garments were on sale, he did not flinch.

In one such shop, the discreet manageress inquired as to whether a certain set of silken unmentionables, recently purchased, had given full satisfaction.

The little bride's eyes grew round.

"Oh, they were beautiful!" she burst out, in her usual fashion. "Everybody admired them—everybody!"

Turning pale, the unfortunate bridegroom didn't know for a moment whether to file for congress or go out and get a stiff drink of moonshine.

• • •

She had a sore throat, and was unable to sing, so the manager buzzed her off to the theater's medical man the tooter the sweeter. The doc. produced his laryngoscope, and as he was adjusting it he pleasantly remarked, "You'd be surprised how far we can see with this little instrument."

"Oh, is that so, doctor?" she faltered. "Well, it can't be helped, but I ought to tell you that I really had no time to change my things before I came out."



## *Whiz Bang Etiquette*

**I**S your etiquation on etiquette inetiquate? Do you pull the faux pas, gaucherie, vulgarian, and other boners too humorous to mention?

Read these questions thoughtlessly, study the answers carelessly and add both to your misinformation on this subject:

What do you know about introductions?

If Green and Brown met at your home brewery for the first time, would you say, "Green, meet Brown. Boys, have a drink," or vice versa? Suppose the Siamese Twins dropped in about that time to borrow your recipe for double brew. Would you present them plurally or en mash?

Don't introduce them; familiarity breeds a thirst.

The ballroom should always be a center of (physical) culture and grace.

What is the correct position for the gentleman in dancing?

Cheek to cheek.

For the lady?

Vice versa.

Is it correct to wander away from the ballroom with a dancing partner?

If you become delirious, you may wander.



Is the "shimmy" done in the best society?

Yes.

How?

Like a bowl of jello in an earthquake.

Should one try to dance if they do not know the steps?

No, that would brand you as a hop, less vulgarian.

Should one crack jokes about the ladies' gowns?

No, your conversation should not be confined to trivialities.

If a girl asks you in when you escort her home from the ball at 3 a. m., should you accept her invitation?

Politely decline, and give me her address.

Every dinner should begin with a little soup and less noise.

Should the lady of the house help the soup?

Yes, if it needs it.

What would you do if you made a wine stain on a lady's dress?

Help her to remove it, the stain.

Should you decline wine by clapping your hand on top of your glass?

I wouldn't.

Should water be taken directly from a finger bowl?

No, a soup ladle is placed at each plate for this purpose.

Etiquette is used in many other ways, but these few simple-minded rules will get you out of some of the worst places.



## *A Dilemma De Luxe*

By MARGARET MANNERS

It was embarrassing, to say the least! The young man strove vainly to retain his equilibrium, also his hold upon the inert form in his arms. But the color mounted in a vivid flush of red to his very blonde hair.

Then the nearby group of watchers laughed. He was still more confused. The auburn locks of the fair figure in his arms became loosened and fell in a cascade almost to the floor. The man was visibly disconcerted, and letting go with one hand, he clutched at his collar and gazed wildly down at the cold, upturned face.

With a renewed effort to escape the taunting eyes of the curious, snickering crowd, he gathered the slim figure to him once more, when a shout went up and, looking back, he saw that the gown he had hastily loosened at the neck of the fair vision when he had first come upon the scene, had slipped off and lay in a soft silken heap at his feet. He was painfully aware that all that remained to view was the daintiest of filmy lingerie, and sheer, silken hosiery. One tiny pump had fallen off.

The young man thought he would faint if he did not escape the crowd that had rapidly grown to a curi-



ous mob. The sight of a very flushed youth, holding the limp female figure in his awkward arms, scantily clad, beautiful face impassive, instead of exciting sympathy, brought forth only mirth at his clumsy attempts to withdraw. Evidently such an experience had never occurred to the embarrassed youth before, but he rallied and finally reached the door.

As he started through, carefully, almost tenderly holding the lovely form, the delicate crepe de chine underslip caught on the little glass doorknob; to his utter chagrin, he let go altogether, leaning against the framework of the door; this was too much!

Wildly he thought of abandoning his duty, when the stern voice of a very dapper, wax-mustached, and excited gentleman who forced his way through the door, brought him up with a jerk.

"What ees the matter with you?" almost shrieked the head floorwalker of "The Elite Modes" shop. "Look, look!" he cried, gesticulating wildly, "worse than ze bull in ze china-closet! Go back to where you belong, and stay there!"

The new window dresser of "The Elite Modes" gave one look at the broken nose of the wax window-model which he had dropped, and fled—back to his old love, the gingham department!

\* \* \*

"It is forty years since my husband even kissed me," complained a woman in Hennepin county divorce court.

There is much pathos in that "even."



## The Sinai Joke

A bishop who had been widely advertised for a speech at Westminster Abbey, was greeted by a record-breaking audience. The famous Abbey was crowded to the doors.

As the bishop stepped to the rostrum and opened the good book he said, "I will take for my text today, 'And when the Lord ascended Mt. Sinai, What did he say?'" And, looking at those assembled in the balcony, he said again, in a louder voice, "'And when the Lord ascended Mt. Sinai, What did he say?'" And once again, looking upward to the gallery, he shouted (as if waiting for an answer), "'And when the Lord ascended Mt. Sinai, What did he say?'"

A little Australian buddy, unable to contain himself any longer, rose from his place in the rear and, standing on his seat, raised his hand: "I'll bite, bishop, wot did 'e say?"

\* \* \*

## Nice Burglar

"Oh, Myrtle! Weren't you frightened to death when that burglar broke into your room?"

"Frightened is no name for it; I was dressing."

"Mercy, how embarrassing! Whatever did you do?"

"Oh, he was very considerate, he covered me with his revolver."

\* \* \*

She may be deaf but she'll get her hearing the morning.



## Out of the Past

A rookie, all dolled up in his new uniform and ready for first liberty, strutted down the steps of the barracks and met the colonel coming up. The silver eagles of the colonel's shoulder straps meant nothing in this rookie's young life, and he was about to pass with only a casual glance. The colonel, feeling somewhat different, addressed the lad in an impressive voice: "Young man, how long have you been here?" The rookie's face radiated surprise and gladness at having thus been noticed by an apparent old timer, and he eagerly replied: "Why, I been here three days, how long you been here?"

\* \* \*

## A New Label

OLD CORNO

100 Poof

Bottled In Barn

Aged In Woods

MADE OUT OF SPRING 1919

BOTTLED ALL OF 1920

Guaranteed to Conform with All Pure Fool and Drunk Acts

\* \* \*

"It says in this paper that Lloyd George castigated the German delegates," growled Panhandle Pete, glancing up from a paper all stained with near-beer.

"And that's just what they had a-comin'," vigorously assented his pal.

\* \* \*

It is easy to be generous to another man's wife.



## *Limber Kicks*

### Oh, I Beg Your Pardon!

I stepped inside and closed the door,  
Thinking the office was Brady's,  
But turned when I saw the white tiled floor,  
And found that the sign read SEIDAL

\* \* \*

### Winding Stares

She went up the winding stairs,  
And close behind I followed;  
She stooped down to tie her shoe,  
My chewing gum I swallowed.

\* \* \*

### Page Billy Misque

A girl who is young, cute and frisque,  
Can always get plenty of home-made whiskey;  
Any guy she may asque  
Will slip her a flasque,  
If she'll only slip him a kisque.

\* \* \*

In a parlor were three,  
My girl, a lamp and me.  
Three's a crowd without a doubt,  
Wasn't it nice when the lamp went out?

\* \* \*

### At the Sign of the Zodiac

The Ram, the Bull, the Heavenly Twins;  
Near the Crab the Lion shines;  
The Virgin and the Scales;  
The Scorpion, Archer and the Goat;  
The Man who holds the Watering Pot,  
And Fishes with their glittering tails.



### Shoo Fly, Oil Man!

A horse-fly lit on the old cow's skin,  
Hung his tools and spudded in.  
Bowed his back and jiggered his pole  
And all the time he was making a hole.  
The cow browsed on, in her usual way,  
Till the horse-fly's bit struck regular "pay,"  
Then she swung her tail with a vicious dig  
And deftly skidded the horse-fly's rig.

\* \* \*

### Fastidious

A handsome young fellow named Bertie,  
Was out with a flapper named Gertie;  
"Come, kiss me," he said,  
But she nodded her head  
And cried, "I think kissing's too unsanitary."

\* \* \*

### Bawl of a Brute Bachelor

Here's to the woman of days gone by;  
(May we meet her kind above!)  
The woman for whom a man would die,  
The woman who ruled by love;  
Who didn't harangue and who didn't parade,  
In whose home it was sweet to dwell;  
Who believed in raising children,  
And not in raising hell!

\* \* \*

"Why so thin, my pretty maid?"  
"I'm on a fast, kind sir," she said.  
"And how fast are you now?" he said,  
"That's none of your affair," she said.

\* \* \*

Lady of the House—You may go to your room now  
and change your dress. John, the butler, will show you  
the way.

Maid (fussed)—Oh, I know how myself, missus.



## *California Beach Nuts*

**BY REV. "GOLIGHTLY" MORRILL**

**Pastor People's Church, Minneapolis, Minn.**

**C**ALIFORNIA'S coast is a big bathing beach. The state is not only famous for its walnuts, but for its beach nuts one sees every day, especially Sunday.

The ocean strand is covered with half-dressed women, boys and girls sprawled out like goats and satyrs hugging the shore and each other. It is the playground of the sexes.

At many bathing resorts Sunday is anything but religious. The cross gives way to Cupid's bow and arrow. The Bible is the book of nature done in calf. Brown lads lie with their heads in the laps of half-naked brunettes, forgetting that to do so and not mean harm is "hypocrisy to the devil" who tempts their virtue. They make no attempt to hide under beach umbrellas. One may question their propriety, but neither their nerve nor shape. Their speech is low, but if actions speak louder than words, their conduct is often vulgar if not vicious. We saw a place advertised as the "safest beach," but without falling into the deep water we fear the devil's undertow is carrying



many out beyond their moral depth. "Love one another" is the favorite text, and the "laying on of hands" is not omitted. All the flesh-pots were not in Egypt. Cleopatra had a good time on the Nile and "Clara" has the same time here. We saw many couples and decided that more marriages were made on the beach than in heaven. Position in society is everything. Here there was everything in position. Heads in laps, arms around waists, boys in girls' laps, girls in boys', legs linked, or arms and legs tied up in lover's bow-knots. All were taking "Sea"estas in their "surge" suits. The sight was very "surf"eiting. In this Cupid school we saw girls with pearly teeth, but with no pearls of wisdom; many who could paint their face, but not paint a Madonna; girls who could play with the boys, but not the piano; the only apparent study was that of anatomy.

Breakers on the beaches are divided into three classes: ocean-breakers, law-breakers and heart-breakers. California is a fruit state and we looked everywhere to see the "peaches" on the beaches—but most of them were dried, and there were more old Iowa valetudinarians and bearded bipeds than anyone else. Timon of Athens was a misanthrope who went to the seashore to get away from mankind. Had he come to this beach, the day we were there, he would have prayed for a tidal wave to wipe it off the map.

Scripture says of the beautiful lilies, "they toil not, neither do they spin." Of these painted, half-dressed, lounging, walking, posturing beach-combers with their dry feet, we say, "They toil not, neither do they swim."



We came away from the beach that Sunday with a composite picture of pop-eyed, pot-bellied promenaders in the sand, vulgar Venuses, wobbly wenches, living links, heavy-hipped hags, sinuous, shrunken men, tattered tights, tousled head nymphs, and vain cock of the walks admiring their own shape and gazing on their feet and fingernails.

We wish we could forget the bather's singularity and angularity, the plethoric paunch, the blinking, bawling, calling, sprawling, mawling, drawling, squalling figures that defaced the beauty of the sky, the sea and the sand. Oh, the water cataracts running and dripping from shaking sides, heavy hips and swinging busts! If Ulysses and his crew sailed by this shore with its sweating sirens and howling hurdy-gurdies, they would stop their ears—but not for fear of being enticed ashore.

The poet sings of the "smile" of the sea—we do not wonder at laughing waves when they see some of the freak styles. What are the wild waves saying? Some things we think we better omit. To watch this beach of bathers is like having a front seat at the Winter Garden Follies. The visitor may study the contour of beach and bathers. Here he meets the living skeleton of angles and the bag of bones, as well as her heavy-set sister with all her capricious curves, crests, elevations and depressions. How unlike the pictures in the Sunday supplements, and how like the caricatures in the comic supplement. When first they appear all nice and dry they are passable, but look at them if you dare and can, when they take a dip or



flop and come out with their homely lines all emphasized. No Greek statues, no things of beauty and joy forever, but shattered, disenchanting dreams, or nightmares rather.

Farewell to this flotsam and jetsam, foam and scum, these sand-flies. If you want to have a "good time," go to the beach where the volume of nature and human nature is "wide open." The text books you should bring and study on the seashore are Shelley, Burns, Sand, Crabbe and Bacon.

\* \* \*

Dickory, dickory, docking,  
The mouse ran up her stocking,  
But I'm afraid  
Up there it stayed  
Which makes it twice as shocking!

\* \* \*

A marriage certificate is a mere scrappy paper.  
One divorce leads to another, but the marriage vow  
will always be taken ad-in-fun-item.

\* \* \*

Nice day for swimmin'!  
What swimmin'?  
Loo swimmin'.

\* \* \*

"Your new stenog, I hear, is a beauty. Can she spell?"

"What does that matter?"



## *Questions and Answers*

**Dear Captain Billy**—What is meant by “A third rail girl?”—**Inoa Recipe.**

It probably means one dangerous to touch.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Billy**—What is your idea of the height of indifference?—**Goofey Gander.**

Spilling coffee in your lap and not caring which leg it runs down.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Billy**—What is the difference between kissing a horse and an ugly girl?—**Paul Bearer.**

No difference whatever. In either case it's a horse on you.

\* \* \*

**Dear Whiz Bang Bill**—I am a great lover of literature, but find that friends borrow my books to read. Did you ever hear of anything like it?—**Oliver Mudd.**

We know an old foggy who married a flapper.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Billy**—My sweetheart got angry at me last night and said I had feet like a camel. What did he mean?—**Rebeccah.**

He probably inferred that your feet had gone too long without water.



**Dear Capt. Whiz Bang**—A friend informs me his wife ran away with a “bank walker.” I have heard of bank tellers and bank cashiers, but never heard of a “bank walker.” Please tell me what he meant?—**Bob Sledd.**

Your query has been referred to the swimming editor.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Billy**—Will you please tell me the origin of the expression: “Mother, who is this silly ass?”—**S. O. Elly.**

It originated in France after the close of the war when a poilu returned and, finding his home disrupted, left again to vow further vengeance on the German.

\* \* \*

**Dear Cap**—Please tell me how to grow fat.—**Slim Jim.**

Breed hogs.

\* \* \*

**Dear Skipper Bill**—What is a cure for a horse that slobbers?—**Artie Fishel.**

Teach him to spit.

\* \* \*

**Dear Skipper**—What is the difference between a sewing machine and a kiss?—**B. Qrious.**

One sews seams nice and the other seams sew nice.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Whiskers**—What is a crazy bone?—**Howe D. Dew.**

A dollar spent on a girl.



**Dear Kapten Billy**—An electriek trolly goes through my corn feild. Would it be against the law to uze it to shock my corn with?—**O. G. Kroakim.**

No, but be careful and not let the juice wet the kernels.

\* \* \*

**Dear Skipper**—What is meant by “self respect”?  
—**Dottie Dimple.**

Self respect, Dottie, is a comfortable feeling one has in having escaped detection.

\* \* \*

**Dear “Skipper”**—Who was the Duke of Peruna?  
—**C. C. Pill.**

Lydia Pinkham's husband.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Bill**—Please give me a definition of a cannibal.—**Student.**

Sure. One who loves his fellow man.

\* \* \*

**Dear Skipper**—Kindly furnish me with an illustration of “Poetry of Motion.”—**Awsthetic Awlice.**

How would this be: A picnic girl with a bug down her back?

\* \* \*

**Dear Skipper**—Do leaves of trees turn red in the fall from blushing because they are showing naked limbs?—**Bon Jurrows.**

No, it's because they realize how green they were all summer.



**Dear Captain Billy**—I had a tussle with my beau last night. How may I recover myself?—**Petite Fif.**

Go to a tailor.

\* \* \*

**Dear Capt. Billy**—I am ambitious for a career on the stage. Can you suggest an act that will be entirely new and up-to-date?—**Art Gumm.**

Why not try kicking a giraffe in the mouth?

\* \* \*

**Dear Cap**—I am a member of a newly formed organization known as the "Woman Hater's Union." Could you suggest a motto for our association?—**Fat Chance.**

"Oh, kill me now and call it the end of a perfect day."

\* \* \*

**Dear Skipper**—When is a good girl not a good girl?—**McNotty.**

About half the time, we'd say.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Billy**—What is the difference between a rehearsal and a show?—**Plain Jane.**

A rehearsal is the same as a show, only nobody comes around to see it.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Bullybeef**—My fiance says I have a peachy complexion. What does he mean?—**Kitty Furr.**

He probably infers, Kitty, that you have a yellow and orange shade with fuzz on your face.



Dear Doctor Bill—Why, oh why, did the police inspect her?—**The Duke o' Dubuque.**

Possibly to help the "deek" detect her.

\* \* \*

A convalescent requiring whisky and beer for rapid recovery is convalescent all over except his thirst, and that's in the acute stages.

\* \* \*

### Another Jellyfish

"Boys," asked the school master, "what do you consider the most beautiful thing in the world?"

"Sunshine," hazarded one boy.

"Flowers," ventured another.

Both answers were received with favor, and the turn went to a hefty youth.

"A woman," announced he gruffly.

"Come out here," commanded the master, sternly.

A good flogging was administered; and then the offender was bidden to go home and tell his father that he had been flogged, and why.

Next morning the floggee was again hauled up.

"Did you tell your father that you had been flogged?" asked the master.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you tell him why?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"

"Please, sir, dad and I talked it all over between us, and we've come to the conclusion that there's something funny about you."



## *Whiz Bang* Editorials

*"The Bull is Mightier Than the Bullet"*

PRESS dispatches recently carried an item to the effect that although slightly mentally affected, the mother of Charlie Chaplin, upon her son's earnest persuasion, had been allowed to enter this country from England.

Mrs. Chaplin, upon reaching New York, stood a chance, it was stated, of having to return had it not been for quick and effective energies of her sons and their friends in political power.

Those who know Chaplin well declare that the intense melancholy for which he is noted is due more than anything else to the affection and concern for his mother. Such things as domestic troubles, it is said, bear little weight with the man who daily makes millions laugh. 'Tis the mother.

What have we here! Consider this monumental fun-maker of the screen. Death is bad enough but when the mind of one very dear becomes clouded, then indeed does tragedy and sadness smite with a heavy hand.

We read of the circus clown whose wife and children burned to death, and yet, to keep a date with the



world of fun lovers, he went ahead that night and clowned as never he had clowned before. Have we in Chaplin a great tragedy also? It will be recalled that when he was a small boy in London he and his mother and brother lived in a workhouse in order that the streets might not be their home.

Now his mother is coming home to him, to live amid all the luxury that great wealth may bring; wealth that came after a sad little fellow with merry feet, living in a workhouse with his mother, learned to be the greatest of all fun-makers. Life's a funny proposition, folks, isn't it?

\* \* \*

**H**ALF a century ago the nude in art was strange enough in America to uplift Puritanic hands in holy horror. Today, among all cultivated people, the female nude is most matter-of-fact. Our notions of art the country over have been steadily clarifying, until at last the great distinction has been recognized and conceded even by pious folk that, while the human male figure is impossible, the female form is purely beautiful.

Those rabid for realism and resolutely uncompromising, will have the assurance to claim innocuousness for the undraped male; but the opinion today among those who are not extremists is still definitely against the frank exposition of the male form in plastic or painting.

At worst the mind receives merely a flip of interest; and complete nudity, to the male fancy, repeated again and again in art, speedily sates curiosity, and



with that, incipient desire. As for the minds of women, no one would insult them with the suspicion that they find anything provocative in the portrayal of figures of their own sex.

In every landscape the eye notices at once and unavoidably the hills; it finds the plains and valleys only by an effort of the will. This fact has ever been admitted by the modern stage, which is, so far as the ethics of objective morality go, more conservative than modern art in its advanced attitude.

\* \* \*

### Be a Booster

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,  
Be a scrub in the valley, but be  
The best little scrub by the side of the hill,  
Be a bush if you can't be a tree;  
If you can't be the sun be a star,  
But the best little booster wherever you are.

\* \* \*

**T**EACH me that 60 minutes make an hour, 16 ounces one pound and 100 cents one dollar. Help me so to live that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience, without a gun under my pillow and unhaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain. Grant that I may earn my meal-ticket on the square, and that in earning it I may do unto others as I would have them do unto me. Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money and to the rustle of unholy skirts. Blind me to the faults of the other fellow but reveal to me my own. Guide me so that each night



when I look across the dinner table at my wife who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal. Keep me young enough to laugh with little children, and sympathetic enough to be considerate of old age. And when comes the day of darkened shades and the smell of flowers, the tread of soft footsteps and the crunching of wheels in the yard—make the ceremony short and the epitaph simply '**Here Lies a Man.**' "

\* \* \*

He that does not know,  
And knows he does not know;  
Can be taught.

**TEACH HIM!**

He that does not know,  
But thinks he knows;  
Is a dangerous man.

**BEWARE OF HIM!**

He that does know,  
And knows he knows;  
Is a wise man—

**FOLLOW HIM!**

\* \* \*

It's a stiff neck that has no turning when a short skirt goes by.

\* \* \*

I hope that when I die they'll pour me back in the bottle. So do other soaks.



### London Stuff

He had been married about a year and had taken to spending his evenings out West with the boys. One night his conscience worried him, and he thought he would phone his wife to have dinner with him.

"Hello, kiddo," he began. "Slip on some old clothes and run down and meet me on the quiet. We'll have a good dinner and then smear a little red paint around. How about it?"

"I'll be delighted to join you," was the reply. "But why not come up to the house, Jack, and get me? There's nobody home."

Today the young husband spends every evening at home. His name is Philip.

\* \* \*

### Oh! Gawsch!

A stripping bee took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bohumil Albrecht Thursday evening. Those present were the Mesdames Katherine Mach, John Marek, John Jelimek, Kenzel Pokorny, Mr. and Mrs. John Novotny, Mr. and Mrs. John Hanna and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wessely, Sr.—(From Kewauness (Wis.) Press.)

\* \* \*

### The High Cost of Company

Sign in European hotel, Manitowoc, Wis.: "If you have company over night an extra charge of 50c will be made."

. . .

A fatted calf maketh a full stocking.



### Then His Nerve Failed

One of the loveliest of girls went into a gents' furnishing store to buy a necktie. She hesitated a moment, and then asked in a nice, straightforward way: "I want to put it on, please. Would you tie it for me?"

The clerk felt a little nervous, especially as the other fellows were watching him, but she had already pulled off the necktie that she wore. He said, "Certainly," and, putting the new one around her neck as she ducked her head. She wore a dainty white silk shirt. When the tie was tied, the ends seemed a bit long, and he suggested: "Do you wear the ends tucked in?" "Yes," she returned with unembarrassed absent-mindedness. At this point his courage failed him.

\* \* \*

### She Knew the Truth

"Both of dese here gents," said the witness, Mandy Thomas, rather impressed with the importance of being in court, "was standing at the corner conversin' with each other pretty hot an' pointed like."

"Relate the conversation," said the prosecutor.

"Ah don't jest remember, sah," said Mandy, "'cept dat dey was callin' each other what dey is."

\* \* \*

Women used to carry money in their stocking, but it's not safe to put money in public places now.

\* \* \*

A rash marriage is only skin deep.



## Smokehouse Poetry

*Whiz Bang has a double-winner for Smokehouse fans next issue! "The Lure of the Tropics" and "The Far East."*

*"O'er chicle camps and logwood swamps  
I hunted him many a moon,  
Then found my man in a long pit pan  
At the edge of a blue lagoon.*

*"The chase was o'er at the farther shore;  
It ended a two-year quest,  
And I left him there with an empty stare  
And a knife stuck in his chest."*

*That's the swing of the most noted poem of the tropics. "The Far East," an excerpt from which follows, is familiar to Philippine war veterans:*

*"By the mud hole down in Subic  
Looking lazy at the bay,  
There's a goo-goo dame awaiting,  
And I think I hear her say:  
'Come you back you malo soldier  
Come you back from o'er the sea,  
Come you back and pay your jaw-bone,  
Por-a-que! You jaw-bone me?'"*

\* \* \*

## The Hoboes' Convention

By George Liebst

*You have heard of big conventions,  
And there's some you can't forget,*



But get this straight, there's none so great  
As when the hoboes met.

To Portland, Oregon, last year  
They came from near and far;  
On "tops" and "blind" where cinders whined,  
They rode on every car.

Three hundred came from New York state,  
Some came from Eagle Pass;  
That afternoon, the third of June,  
They gathered there en masse.

From Lone Star state came "Texas Slim"  
And "Jack the Katydid";  
With "Lonesome Lou" from Kal'mazoo  
Came "San Diego Kid."

And "Denver Dan" and "Boston Red"  
Blew in with "Hell-fire Jack,"  
"Andy Lang" from lakeshore gang,  
"Big Mac" from Mackinack.

I saw some boys I'd never met;  
A bo called "New York Spike,"  
"Con, the Sneak," from Battle Creek,  
And "Mississippi Ike."

Old "New York Bill," dressed like a duke,  
Shook hands with "Frisco Fred";  
And "Half-breed Joe" from Mexico  
Shot craps with "Eastport Ed."

"St. Louis Jim" and "Pittsburg Paul"  
Fixed up a jungle stew,  
While "Slipp'ry Slim" and "Bashful Tim"  
Croaked gumps for our menu.

The "Jockey Kid" spilled out a song  
Along with "Desp'rate Sam";  
And "Paul the Shark" from Terrors' Park  
Clog-danced with "Alabam."

We gathered 'round the jungle fire,  
The night was passing fast;



We'd all done time for every crime,  
And talk was of the past.

All night we flopped around the fire  
Until the morning sun;  
Then from the town the cops came down—  
We beat it on the run.

We scattered to the railroad yards,  
And left the "bulls" behind;  
Some hit the freights for other states,  
And many rode the "blind."

Well, here I am in Denver town,  
A hungry, tired-out bo;  
The fier's due, when she pulls through,  
I'll grab her and I'll blow.

That's her—she's whistling for the block—  
I'll make her on the fly;  
It's number nine—Santa Fe line,  
I'm off again—Good Bye!

\* \* \*

### Mushy Stuff, Eh?

He blushed a fiery red,  
Her heart went pittypat;  
She gently hung her head,  
And looked down, at the mat.

\* \* \*

### Mary Jane

*Ah, here we have the second spasm of the rollick-  
ing thirst emporium ditty:*

Oh, she promised to meet me  
When the clock struck seventeen,  
At the stockyards, just three miles out of town,  
Where the pig eyes and pig ears and the  
Tough old Texas steers  
Sell for sirloin steak at  
Eighteen cents a pound.

#### CHORUS:

Oh, she's my honey, my baby,  
She's maul-eyed, she's crazy,  
She's knock-kneed, she's pigeon-toed, she's lame.  
Although her lower teeth are phoney  
From eating Swift's bologna,  
She's my freckled face, consumptive Mary Jane.



## Casey's Revenge

*Did you ever hear that noted recitation, "Casey at the Bat?" Here's a baseball soul with a more generous poetic disposition. He replies to the old classic, which, as you remember, ended with the mighty Casey striking out, and Glory-be, it sure gives us a thrill, and reminds us of our own Mudville nine. Heave ho to this "Curve"—*

—By James Wilson.

There were saddened hearts in Mudville for a week or even more;  
There were muttered oaths and curses—every fan in town was sore.

"Just think," said one, "how soft it looked with Casey at the bat,  
And then to think he'd go and pull a bush league trick like that."  
All his past fame was forgotten; he was now a hopeless "shine,"  
They called him "Strike-out Casey" from the mayor on down the line.

And as he came to bat each day his bosom heaved a sigh,  
While a look of hopeless fury shone in mighty Casey's eye.

The lane is long, some one has said, that never has a turn again,  
And Fate, though fickle, often gives another chance to men.  
And Casey smiled—his rugged face no longer wore a frown;  
The pitcher who had started all the trouble came to town.  
All Mudville had assembled; ten thousand fans had come  
To see the twirler who had put big Casey on the bum;  
And when he stepped into the box the multitude went wild,  
He doffed his cap in proud disdain—but Casey only smiled.

"Play ball," the umpire's voice rang out, and then the game began;  
But in that throng of thousands there was not a single fan  
Who thought that Mudville had a chance; and with the setting sun  
Their hopes sank low—the rival team was leading "four to one."  
The last half of the ninth came round, with no change in the score;  
But when the first man up hit safe the crowd began to roar.  
The din increased, the echo of ten thousand shouts was heard  
When the pitcher hit the second and gave "four balls" to the third.

Three men on bases—no one out—three runs to tie the game,  
A triple meant the highest niche in Mudville's hall of fame;  
But here the rally ended and the gloom was deep as night



When the fourth one "fouled to catcher" and the fifth "flew out at right,"

A dismal groan in chorus came—a scowl was on each face—

When Casey walked up, bat in hand, and slowly took his place;  
His bloodshot eyes in fury gleamed; his teeth were clinched in hate  
He gave his cap a vicious hook and pounded on the plate.

But fame is fleeting as the wind, and glory fades away;

There were no wild and woolly cheers, no glad acclaim this day.  
They hissed and groaned and hooted as they clamored "strike him out."

But Casey gave no outward sign that he had heard this shout.  
The pitcher smiled and cut one loose; across the plate it sped;

Another hiss, another groan—"strike one" the umpire said.  
Zip—like a shot, the second curve broke just below his knee—  
"Strike two" the umpire roared aloud; but Casey made no plea.

No roasting for the umpire now—his was an easy lot.

But here the pitcher whirled again—was that a rifle shot?  
A whack, a crack, and out through space the leather pellet flew—  
A blot against the distant sky, a speck against the blue.

About the fence in center field in rapid whirling flight,  
The ball sailed on; the blot grew dim and then was lost to sight.  
Ten thousand hats were thrown in air, then thousand threw a fit;  
But no one ever found the ball that mighty Casey hit.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land dark clouds may hide the sun,  
And somewhere bands no longer play and children have no fun;  
And somewhere over blighted lives there hangs a heavy pall;  
But Mudville hearts are happy now—for Casey hit the ball.

\* \* \*

## Expurgated

By a Former Acting-assistant Buck Private,  
Budd L. McKillipps.

Last night I was at a party  
And some fellow sang a song,  
A song I'd heard,  
But this poor bird  
Had half the words all wrong.

He sang a soldier ballad,  
But it lacked the army tang;  
It sounded strange  
To hear the change,  
These were the songs he sang:



*Mademoiselle from Armentieres;  
Parley Vouz,  
Mademoiselle from Armentieres;  
Parley Vouz,  
Mademoiselle from Armentieres,  
She hasn't been kissed in forty years,  
Hinky Dinky Parley Vouz.*

I'd tell you the way we sang it  
Around the cafes in France,  
(The words grow worse  
With every verse),  
I don't dare take a chance.

*Oh, I long to see the captain in the grave yard,  
With the quartermaster sergeant by his side,  
And the non-commissioned officers in the tool house  
While the privates in the mess hall running wild;  
The non-commissioned officers are a bunch of dirty sticks,  
They take us to the drill field and they teach us dirty tricks.  
Squads East, Squads West, Right Front Into Line—  
The dirty bunch of loafers, they give us double time;  
Then it's home boys, home;  
That's where we ought to be,  
Home, boys, home, to the land of liberty;  
We'll hoist Old Glory to the top of the pole  
And we'll all re-enlist—when the weather gets cold.*

That wasn't the way we sang it,  
To comrades garbed in O. D.;  
There's some may tell  
The real song, well—  
You'll not find out from me.

*I want to go home, I want to go home,  
The mademoiselles in Gay Paree;  
They certainly all feel sorry for me;  
I want to go home  
I'm here with a busted knee.*



*Oh, hell, I wish I was well,  
I want to go home.*

I cried when I heard him sing that,  
'Twas a song we sang in Brest;  
When long days crept  
And boys were kept  
In stockades under arrest.

Oh, why do they change those ballads,  
Till nothing's left but the air?  
They're made for men  
So sing them when  
There's no darned women there.

\* \* \*

## Tribute to the Painted Girl

By Grayce Moody.

There are girly girls and whirly girls,  
And girls who are bashful and shy;  
There are gay brunettes and dizzy blondes,  
And the girl with the wicked eye.  
There's the haughty girl who sits on the world,  
As the honey from life she sips,  
But give me the girl the world calls bad,  
The girl with the painted lips.

She's there with a smile and a friendly word,  
When the world is going wrong,  
She will jolly you and cheer you up  
And tell you life's a song.  
She will stick by you and play you square,  
No odds if you're down and out,  
She's a dandy pal and a true blue friend,  
I'll say she's a regular scout.

Her life is not all sunshine and roses  
This painted little maid,  
But she hides her hurts behind a smile  
And faces the world unafraid;  
Little she minds what the world says  
Or the "goody girls'" caustic quips,  
She's worth a thousand "prudish prunes"  
My girl with the painted lips.



## Monkey Shines

Two young men were riding on a street car which I chanced to squeeze onto with some 249 other adults.

"I took my first drink last night, Algernon," said one of the pair.

"Did you, Clarence? Honestly, where did you get it?" queried the other.

"Down at a near beer parlor. It was real near beer, too, with one-half of one per cent alcohol and everything."

"I've been drinking, too," said the other; "I had two whole glasses of near beer the other night. I was going to a party, you know, and wanted to get plenty of pep."

"Did you drink your near beer straight, or did you dilute it with water?" asked Clarence.

"I drank it straight. I wanted to get the full kick. Straight, you know, with a coupla chasers."

"I certainly went crazy after I took that drink, though. I thought I was going to try to sing at first," said Clarence.

"I hope none of my friends saw the way I acted after I took that near beer the other night," Algernon put in. "I went batty right away. I started telling all sorts of funny jokes and laughing ridiculously. Went to see my girl immediately after, and she said she could tell I had been drinking after I told her. She promised not to tell it, though."

The two young men got off the car about this time, and a grizzled old dog sitting in front of me bit the



neck off a bottle of turpentine he carried and drank the contents of the bottle. "I heard that pair talking," he said.

\* \* \*

### Liberty's Love Lights

A young colored couple were sitting at the foot of the Statue of Liberty. Henry was holding Mandy's hand.

"Henry," said Mandy, "Does you-all know why dey has such small lights on de Statue o' Liberty?"

"Ah dunno," replied the Ethiopian swain, "unless it's because de less light, de mo' liberty."

\* \* \*

Ashes to ashes,  
And fire to fire;  
He's a weak old man,  
She's a foxy vampire.

\* \* \*

### Rasping Rastus' Roost

"What am de matter, Rastus? Ketch cold?"

"Yeah, purty bad, too."

"How come?"

"Ya know, I put mah bed out in de yard, and doggone if Ah didn't go to bed las' night wiff de gate open."

\* \* \*

The head that is loaded with wisdom doesn't leak at the mouth.

\* \* \*

Debt is a trap which a man sets and baits for him self and then deliberately falls into.



## Arthur Neale's Page

I WISH to assure the readers of Captain William's Whiz Bang that what we stand for is one country, one flag, one language and one-piece bathing suits.

\* \* \*

*'Cause what looks so cute  
As a nice bathing suit—  
Provided inside it  
The girl is a beaut?*

\* \* \*

We notice the Very Rev. "Golightly" Morrill says: "At Puerto Cabello one goes in swimming **au natural**. The guide-book says: 'The natural beauties of the place are charming.' " That settles it! Puerto Cabello is where we spend the vacation!

\* \* \*

*We heard someone say: "I do admire Art";  
We blushed as we thought of our striving,  
But the next thing they said was a stab to the heart.  
'Twas: "Look! She's so graceful when diving."*

\* \* \*

Every year the bathing regulations grow stricter. If Gus, the hired man, read the ones for Coney Island



this year we think he'd say they wear more in the sea than they do on the sidewalk.

\* \* \*

*Miss Venus, as perhaps you know,  
Had lost her pair of arms;  
It didn't matter to her beau,  
The gal had other charms.*

\* \* \*

As the refined woman single in vaudeville said:  
"I may be no riot—but thank God, I'm satisfied."

\* \* \*

Our friends in the song-writing game will be interested to learn that we are now at work on a snappy little one-step entitled: "When Adam Said 'Eve, You're a Naughty Little Girl.' She said: 'Well, I don't care A dam.'"

\* \* \*

## Our Monthly Prayer

"O Fadder, give thy servant this mornin' de eye of de eagle and de wisdom of de owl; connect his soul with de gospel telephone in de central skies; 'luminate his brow with de sun of heaben; pizen his mind with love for de people; turpentine his 'magination; grease his lips with 'possum oil; power; 'lectrify his brain with de lightnin' of de loosen his tongue with de sledge hammer of thy word; put 'petual motion in his ahms; fill him plum' full of de dynamite of thy glory; 'noint him all over with de kerosene oil of thy salvation, and sot him on the fire. Amen!"



## *The Raptures of Cupid*

*In the April issue we published a model love letter, and since then we have been deluged with dimes from anxious swains asking us to hurry along another letter, as their sweethearts had answered the first and were expecting another. As we are always ready to sympathize with crooning youths, and wish to be obliging, we are offering another captivating love note in the following:*

**M**Y dear Miss Gumptions: Every time I think of you, my heart flops up and down like a churn dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats on a stable roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through a pair of two linen trousers. As a gosling swimmeth with delight in a mud puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture, thicker than the hairs of a blacking brush, and brighter than the hues of a humming bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers; and, borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like a pointer snapping at a blue-bottle fly. When I first beheld your angelic perfections I was bewildered, and my brain whirled 'round like a bumble bee under a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like cellar doors in a country town, and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My



tongue refused to wag and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet infection of love as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whiskey punch.

Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by my bootstraps to the top of the church steeple, and pull the bell rope for singing school. Day and night you are in my thoughts. When Aurora, rising from her saffron-colored couch, blushing like a bride; when the jay-bird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple tree by the spring house; when the chanticler's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakening pig ariseth from his bed and grunteth, and goeth forth for his morning refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels to droning flight at sultry noontide; and when the lowing herds come home at milking time, I think of thee; and, like a piece of gum elastic, my heart seems stretched clear across my bosom. Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse, powdered with gold, and the brass pins skewered through your water-fall fill me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat; your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths I see legions of little Cupids bathing, like a cohort of ants in an old Army cracker. When their fire hit me upon my manly breast, it penetrated my whole anatomy, as a load of bird shot through a rotten apple. Your nose is a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth is puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips, like honey on a bear's paw; and myriads of unfledged kisses are there, ready to fly out and light somewhere, like bluebirds out of their



parents' nest. Your laugh rings in my ears like the windharp's strain, or the bleat of a stray lamb on a bleak hillside. The dimples in your cheeks are like bowers in beds of roses—hollows in cakes of home-made sugar.

I am dying to fly to thy presence, and pour out the burning eloquence of my love, as thrifty housewives pour out hot coffee. Away from you I am as melancholy as a rat.

Sometimes, I can hear the June bugs of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizards of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows, nibble at my spirits; and my soul is pierced with doubts, as an old cheese is bored with skippers.

My love for you is stronger than the smell of patent butter, or the kick of a young cow, and more unselfish than a kitten's first catterwaul. As a song bird hankers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap, as a mean pup hankers after new milk, so I long for thee.

You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a Yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses, brighter than the top knot plumage of muscovy ducks. You are candy, kisses, raisins, pound-cake and sweetened toddy altogether.

If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affection, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker on a cherry tree, or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will pine away like a poi-



soned bed bug, and fall away from a flourishing vine of life an untimely branch; and, in the coming years, when the shadows grow from the hills, and the philosophical frog sings his cheerful evening hymn, you, happy in another's love can come and cast a tear and catch a cold upon the last resting place of

Yours affectionately,

ANNY JOHN.

\* \* \*

### Give Her a Ring Under the Eye

"What shall I give my girl for a birthday present?"

"Why not give her a book?"

"No, I think she has a book."

\* \* \*

"Where did you get the idea?"

"Right out of my own head, and I have enough left to make a crazy-quilt."

\* \* \*

Judging from spring styles, the only cap a girl will set for a man this summer will be a kneecap.

\* \* \*

### A Human Obsession

We've got a discharged soldier in our town who was gassed, and had his leg shot off. He is forever looking for his lost leg, and often seems to think a woman may have it, with the result that he is arrested every few days on some woman's complaint and is let go. We'd call that a pleasant mania.



## *Pasture Pot Pourri*

No, Madeline, "The Charge of the Light Brigade"  
does not refer to your gas and electric bills.

\* \* \*

### **Bedroom Farcical Maxims**

Never retire in a garage unless you auto, and—  
Never sleep in a stable for a stall.

\* \* \*

Love is the intoxication of joy—marriage is the  
D. T's.

\* \* \*

### **Here We Are—In Again**

Policeman Knife had by his wife  
A set of bouncing twins;  
One took a cough which took it off  
From this abode of sins;  
Number one no sooner died  
And into the coffin slid,  
When number two took the flu  
And joined the other kid.

\* \* \*

She only weighs two pounds less than a horse.

\* \* \*

THERE ARE A THOUSAND THINGS LIFE'S  
WORTH LIVING FOR. ONE IS WINE, ONE IS  
SONG—AND THE OTHER 998 ARE WOMEN.



I got a girl named Stella,  
 She's got a mouth like an open umbrella;  
 She's knock-kneed, crippled, her eyes turned in—  
 But a darn good girl for the shape she's in.

\* \* \*

### Woman

**Rocks whereon greatest men have often wrecked.**

\* \* \*

If all the trees had limbs like thine,  
 I think the woods would be divine.

\* \* \*

"No one seems to kick about the high cost of  
 hooch these days."

"Of course not; the kick is in the drink."

\* \* \*

They were married and lived happily ever after  
 —next day.

\* \* \*

*I asked our stenog. why firemen wear red suspenders.  
 She said, "Those I know don't."*

\* \* \*

I know a man without a sin—he is dead.

\* \* \*

### Kiss Fighters

Rose is game; Mary's pretty small; Nellie fights back,—but I  
 like them all.

\* \* \*

Life is just one damnthine after another—and  
 love is just two damnthings after each other.



Why do you wear your stockings inside out?  
Because there is a hole on the other side.

\* \* \*

A news item says knee pants for men are bound to come. I wonder if the women will stand on the street corner and admire our shapely (?) laigs? And will men wear silk hose of green and pink and purple hues, with "Jacob's ladders" showing? Let us pray.

\* \* \*

## Alphabetical Stuff

Y Y U R

Y Y U B

I C U R

Y Y 4 Me.

But we won't keep you in suspense—Two wise you are, two wise you be; I see you are, too wise for me.

\* \* \*

Teacher—"Willie, can you tell me the definition of an hangar?"

Willie—"A place where airplanes are hung."

\* \* \*

## A Montevideo Comparison

(From the Montevideo, Minn., American)

In Albert Lea, the other day, a man was shot dead when found with another man's wife. If this practice were strictly adhered to in Montevideo the undertakers would be rushed to death.

\* \* \*

## Pertinent Question

(From Portland Oregonian.)

Young womanhood that wears wrist bottles and check corsets is not typical of the best. Do their mothers know their route?



## Tell It to the Judge

In a recent scandal case in New York, a lady declined to answer a question because, she said, "It wasn't fit to tell decent people."

"Oh, well," replied the lawyer, "just step up and whisper it to the judge."

\* \* \*

## Our Short Story

He—Cold, Hon'?

She—About to freeze!

He—Want my coat?

She—Just the sleeve!

\* \* \*

## The Glorious Daze

Two drunks hanging on a lamp post at 2 A. M.

No. 1—Shay, d'you know Tom Perkins?

No. 2—No, what's his name?

No. 1—Who?

\* \* \*

## Daytona Beach Ballad

Come all you reformers, if you want to raise 'ell,

Here comes a woman from the Breakers Hotel,

With dropped-stitched stockings,

And high-heeled shoes,

A pack of cigarettes

And a bottle of booze.

\* \* \*

Always smile—It gets you something.



## Our Rural Mail Box

**Teny Sun**—The best way to prevent your dog from suffering with the heat in July is to kill him in June.

\* \* \*

**Monk E. Byte**—I'm sure I can't answer your question as to why a girl's eyelids drop down whenever she kisses a man. But where there's no sense, there's no feeling, y' know.

\* \* \*

**Manicurist**—I don't blame you for refusing to manicure the nails of the fellow with St. Vitus' dance.

\* \* \*

**Out West**—If you are lonesome for Cape Cod, why not rub fresh herring on yourself and dream you are back home?

\* \* \*

**L. Bow**—If your trousers are too short, pull up your shoes.

\* \* \*

**Hop Head**—Flop your ears, there's a fly on your neck.

\* \* \*

**Pope**—Yes, Pope, we succeeded in making our own moon shine.



## A Ladies' Man

Tho I'm growing old and feeble,  
And my hair is turning grey;  
And my youth has died within me,  
And my teeth have passed away—

Tho my strength is fastly failing,  
And a hump is on my back;  
And my bones are getting stiffer,  
And my heart is out of whack—

Every time I go out walking,  
Some fair dame is bound to fall,  
Nothing in the world can stop them—  
I'm a Ladies' Man—That's all.

\* \* \*

My friend Wheeler says that many a man who is  
a good shot in this world hopes he'll miss-fire in the  
next.

\* \* \*

Some women allow their husbands to kiss them  
for sake of contrast.

\* \* \*

Some evening gowns allow a woman to put up a  
very bold front.

\* \* \*

The proper length for skirts as decreed by fashion  
is a little over two feet.

\* \* \*

Don't cry Mary-Anne, and there's no use to talk,  
'Cause this is the time that we've both got to walk.

\* \* \*

A man never knows his real value until he's sued  
for breach of promise.



## *Jest Jokes and Jingles*

Gertie—"Why don't you get a husband?"

Sophie—"Not for me, Gert, I've a friend who has one."

\* \* \*

### **Timidity**

A timid girl is Bessie Bates,  
She doesn't kiss, she osculates.

\* \* \*

"Do you really love me?" she wrote.

"Referring to my last letter," he promptly replied,  
"you'll find that I love you devotedly on page one,  
madly on page two, and passionately on pages three,  
four and five."

\* \* \*

### **Think It Over**

And the best and worst of this is:  
That neither is most to blame,  
If you've forgotten my kisses,  
And I've forgotten your name—

\* \* \*

### **Our Advice**

If your limb is pretty, show it;  
If your cash is plenty, go it;  
If your horn is noisy, blow it.



## Why Did He Shaker?

Because he saw

The Spoon Holder  
The Potato Masher  
The Lemon Squeezer  
The Egg Beater  
The Can Opener  
The Nut Cracker

But when he saw

The Cork Puller

He gave her up.

\* \* \*

## A Good Education

A Jewish father, entertaining some friends, told his four-year-old son, Abie, to stand on a chair.

"Now, Abie," he said, "jump to fadder."

As soon as Abie jumped, the father stepped out of the way and let the boy fall on his face on the floor. Asked why he had done so, the father replied:

"I am teaching dot boy not to trust anybody, not even his own fadder."

\* \* \*

## Write Your Own Heading

A young lady went into a department store and told the clerk she wanted a pair of garters.

"What kind?" he asked.

"Rubber," said she.

\* \* \*

Yes, Gwendolyn, a divorce suit is the opposite to a union suit.



Little Willie's definition of a kiss is something I got in my mouth and you got in your mouth and we push our mouths together.

\* \* \*

HE KISSED ME,  
And oh, the ecstasy of that fond embrace.  
HE KISSED ME,  
And he got a slap in the face.  
HE KISSED ME,  
And got a thump on the chin. But—  
HE KISSED ME,  
Agin and agin.

\* \* \*

### Our Monthly Motto

Have you a little wimpus in your home?

\* \* \*

Nowadays a girl doesn't think she is well dressed unless she is almost undressed.

\* \* \*

Some girls are built for short dresses while others use poor judgment.

\* \* \*

When Miss Failure thinks she has you cinched, then along comes Miss Success, who bids you follow her and wear diamonds.

\* \* \*

### Cheer Up, Brother!

Anticipation is the mother of realization, so there is nothing like hoping for the best.



## It Feels So Good

A patient at the Traverse hospital for insane had a mallet in his pocket, and at regular intervals he would take it out and bang himself over the head with it. Asked why he punished himself that way, he replied: "Because it feels so good when I stop."

\* \* \*

But for God's sake, don't tell my mother. She thinks I'm running a blind pig.

\* \* \*

### PERFUME LEADS TO DIVORCE—Headline

Ah, and well do we know the brand.

\* \* \*

"You gotta show me, I'm from Missouri," said the big man.

"Well, watch me—I'm from Elgin," said the little fellow.

\* \* \*

By crossing a rum hound with a Volstead water spaniel, efficient R hounds have been produced. These dogs have an unerring scent for prescription-peddling physicians.

\* \* \*

When asked to join the game he declined, saying he had a hundred reasons for not playing. "Give us one," they asked.

"The first one is, I haven't any money."

"You can stick the other 99 in your hip-pocket," came the final chorus.



"Speaking of famous springs," said the tramp to the tourist, "I bathed in the spring of '86."

\* \* \*

*Many are dressed, but few are clothed.*

\* \* \*

There is no prospect of an early reduction in the wages of sin.

\* \* \*

### A Sad, Sad Tale

Lotsa money,  
Matri-mony,  
Blown money,  
Dishar-mony,  
Testi-mony,  
Ali-mony.

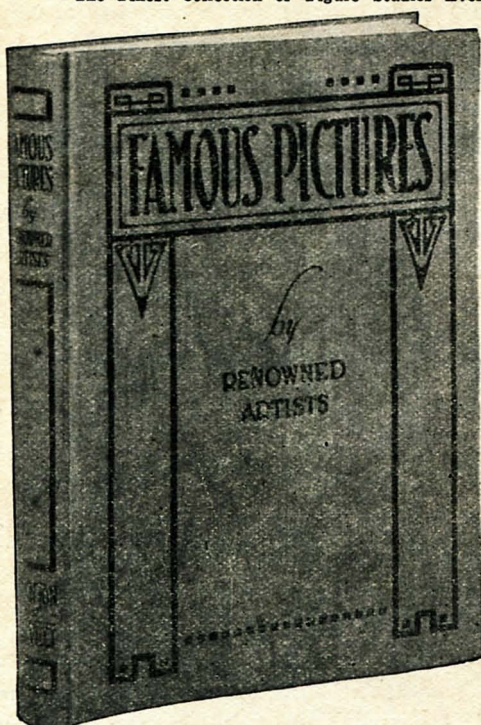
\* \* \*

### The Shooting of Dan McGrew

Robert W. Service's great poem will take a leading place in the WINTER ANNUAL of Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang out in October, together with "The Girl in the Blue Velvet Band," "The Face on the Barroom Floor," "Lasca" (in full), Langdon Smith's "Evolution," and scores of other red-blooded gems. In addition to the Smokehouse Poetry section, there will be stories, jokes, jests, jingles, mail bag, questions and answers and a galaxy of illustrations. The Annual will be apart from the regular October issue and will be on sale as long as the supply lasts. Our first annual, 1920, sold out within two weeks. Only three months to wait.



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